

No. 19, May 65: 2/-

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SHEPHERD
TALKS

02



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Under arm
when raised
measure of
any wrist
ring, suit or
jacket.



LENGTH
Length of
jacket from
under both
armpits to
slim edge of
waist.



WAIST
Measure
across the
waistband
without belt.



LENGTH
Down inside
crotch from
crotch to
bottom of
cut (include
hoselet 198)

SKIRT SIZE
Rack

Where is he now?

ARRIVAL OF MR. J. R. DARLING

HEAD OF GOSLING GRAMMAR.

Public School Boys in Business.

Mr. J. R. Darling, who has been appointed head master of the Gosling Grammar School, Guss, in succession to Dr. V. E. Brown, arrived in Melbourne by the Adelaide express yesterday. He left the District at Adelaide in order to have an additional day with Dr. Brown at Guss before the term begins on Wednesday. Mr. Darling is tall and squarely built, and there is a remarkable likeness between his features and those of Dr. Brown. He was educated at Repton School and Oriel College (Oxford), and was recently senior history master at Charterhouse. He is aged only 36 years, and before going to Oxford he served in France with a distinction in the Royal Field Artillery. Early last year Mr. Darling was in charge of the English public schools' tour of New Zealand.

Mr. Darling said yesterday that he was interested in the reputation of such tours as a means of strengthening the bonds of Empire. "That tour," he said, "impressed upon me that there was much more that was British in Australians than they sometimes realise, and that Australia had a unique opportunity of development by reason it could avoid making the mistakes Britain had made while holding fast to the incompressible British virtues. If intelligence is the capacity to profit by past experience, then Australia has a marvelous chance of exhibiting intelligence."

"I am going to be very interested," he said, "in the cultural, literary, social side of the school, as the masculine as well as the academic side. I am interested to learn of the work of the library and debating society, the musical and athletic activities of the school, and the psychology of the average 'D'. It is always good to find schools with a writing poetry. Of course it must necessarily be rather 'rubbishy'



stuff usually, but it is so sincere, that is all that is really important. With schoolsboys the usual tendency is to imagine that good poetry consists in using conspicuous words and being generally obscure, instead of realising that all that matters is that one should feel something deeply, 'and' it clearly, and put it down in the simplest and most truthful manner. I think Rupert Brooke is the ideal schoolboys' poet. He is as splendidly normal, as truly in love with life, as utterly and beautifully different from what might be called a professional poet like Browning."

Mr. Darling said that it was pleasing to notice that in Britain the management of many important business houses were tending to give preference to old public school boys in making appointments. "I maintained the same tendency can be seen here," he added. "I do not like to see boys leaving school for commercial reasons before the normal age of about 20 years. That time is the most crucially important phase of their development. Real new men are realising that those two or three additional years when boys gain experience in leadership in various ways are immensely important, even from an entirely commercial point of view, and also that a public school training is worth more than a mere scholarship."

'AGE' FEB; 1930

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in restaurants... food



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reservations



DAILY MIRROR, MONDAY, MAY 3, 1945

...the people, Mr. Askin's forceful campaign made full use of the side against Labor. It appealed especially to young people frustrated by the fuddy-duddy, slow-moving attitudes of a government dug-in for more than 20 years.

But the vote is plainly against the old-fashioned, unimaginative, bureaucratic pattern of Labor administration he was unable to shift. It is a vote against petty tyrannies and middle in transport, rents, shopping hours and Sunday entertainment.

DAILY MIRROR, THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1945

So on his record, Mr. Renshaw deserves a full term as PREMIER.

Besides his temperate platform that of Mr. Askin, who scintillates fresh promises at every whistle-stop, appears somewhat hysterical.

However it is not Mr. Askin's failings but Mr. Renshaw's virtues which should influence voters tomorrow.

We believe there is every indication that, if given a mandate, Mr. Renshaw will streamline administration, get rid of dead wood in his cabinet and introduce brighter, more vigorous and more imaginative men. In short, we believe that his re-election will ensure continued and even greater prosperity for this great State of ours.

Sir,

Soon the Lyceum Theatre will be rebuilt, and soon we will be able to go along once more to those "Pleasant Sunday Afternoons" — a jolly pot pourri of prayer and play. Perhaps a short reading from the writings of John Wesley.

It is not generally realised that Wesley cured *ills of the body* as well as *ills of the soul*, and that some of his cures, like some of his dogmas, were really *way, way out!* I am the jealous owner of a little book, published in 1863 and inherited from my paternal grandmother. It is called "Canals Me On All You Want to Know" and offers interesting solutions to ever-occurring problems.

Like hot mashed swede, turnip powder for pains in the breast, and a unique set of abdominal and anal exercises for constipation. Also cures for certain disorders caused by "an excess of venery".

John Wesley takes two pages for his interesting cures for constipation.

Oh, drink (take) 4-6 day two spoonfuls of juice of water-cress. This has cured a deep consumption. In the last stage, such a healthy woman daily. This has cured my father. But first, use milk and apple, or water gourd made with lime-juice. Drink cider-juice, barley water, sharpened with lemon-juice, or apple water. So long as the tickling cough continues, show work, and swallow a mouthful or two of a blood at least of bread twice a day. If you cannot swallow a spit is not. This will always shorten the fit and would often prevent a consumption.

—John Wesley

Time can shorten. An dear aged father, in the last stages of consumption sitting up in bed, eagerly gulping down his medicine.

John Meredith,
7 Apple Steps,
Miller's Point, N.Y.W.



All About OZ

EDITORS: Richard Neville, Richard Walsh.
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* OZ pays contributors. Articles should be typed. They do not necessarily have to be accepted. Send manuscripts or artwork to the above address.

* OZ circulation now 25,000. Back copies are still available for 1/-, Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, 8 and 9 have sold out.

Council for Civil Liberties and the Freedom to Read Association are approving for loans for the definition of "The Title of Lady Chatterley" in Victoria. Donations to R. B. McKee, Economics Department, University of Sydney, Sydney 2.

For the thrills of night trotting come to Harold Park Raceway

You've all seen "junkies" on TV films — well some of our trotters are confirmed drug addicts, too. You'll admire the spirit of friendly co-operation amongst winners and drivers. None of this senseless competition you find in some sports.

Of course sometimes one of the fellows jumps out of line and tries to win when it's not his turn, but we know how to deal with that.

The bookmakers are happy to take your money, delighted in fact, and many of them pay out quite large sums, too, to a few lucky winners.

Incidentally refreshments are provided for the public at standards which would satisfy even the most discerning patron of a Railway Refreshment Room.

—John Hovett

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STRICTLY FOR LAUGHS... MARCEL used no further "PARTY" Monday LP Album Cavity — from the U.S.A.

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NOW

is the best time to join
the Australian Army



"War is a hell of a hell," shout the men of the First Battalion. Now is the best time of all to join Australia's new army. Just look at these unsolicited testimonials from the *See-Herald* (May 2nd):

"Troops of the 1st Battalion Royal Australian Regiment 'can't get to Vietnam quick enough'.

"This is what we joined the Army for," they told us when I spent Friday—the 'day of the announcement'—with them at Gallipoli Barracks, Holmworthy Camp, near Liverpool. You could feel the excitement rippling through the camp.

"Friday might have been an ordinary training day—there were troops marching, troops pulling down mortars, troops firing rifles and machine-guns.

"And despite a ban on Press interviews their high spirits were unrepresable.

"You'd be amazed at the lift in morale since the announcement this morning," said a be-ribboned senior N.C.O.

"Now they know they are going overseas to fight, there's a new snap to their every movement." The troops say the same thing.

"This is what I joined the Army for—to go overseas and fight. I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO IT."

... and we're looking forward to having you.

Take their advice . . . you'll get a free trip to exciting, cosmopolites, historical Vietnam.

You too can witness scenes of horror that inspired artists like Goya.

You too can be photographed committing scar atrocities . . . imagine: YOU torturing a Viet Cong guerrilla to the family album.



And remember,
GOD'S
on our side



A Scenario of THE GREAT STRINE FILM

Youse'll come a Waltz
ing Matilda with me

Opening shot Harbour Bridge, pan to Mink ferry, zoom in to Les Trunch (played by Murray Rose) talking to his fiancée Matilda (played by Dawn Fraser). It is Anzac Day noon, they are just returning from the Cooked-in Non-discriminational Service. Les is talking to Matilda about his cousin's great great great grandfather's big great great grandfather (who was on the right side of the Kurrica Stockade) and grandfather (who almost died at Gallipoli).

Scene two at Taronga Park. Les and Matilda holding hands beside a kangaroo pen. (Kangaroo in foreground played by Midget Family). Les "Let's go to meet my folks Matilda."

They hop in a taxi (driven by Ben



Miles) and drive to Solids.

Scene three in Solids pub. They quaff a few ales and wait as an old 75 of Melba singing "The Man from Snowy River." The swaying doors burst open and in strides the Trunch

family. "Matilda, I'd like youse to meet Dad (played by Chips Rafferty), Dave (played by Russell Drysdale) and My Brother Jack, he's a sentimental bloke (played by Donald Horne)." Dad orders another round of ale from the barman (played by J. T. Laug).

Scene four. They go for a picnic in the bush (close-up of two loaves eating leaves, played by Les Tassar and Leonard Teale). Les and his brother Jack, Dave and Dad play football. A Uxbridge crops up and tries to ravish Matilda. She breaks its neck with a poker-wheeled boomerang — only to find it is a Vietnamese Refo (played by Gordon Chatter).

Bushfire starts, cattle stampede across scene. Some of the Trunch family and Matilda leaving out fences with a dead wallaby (Bunny Humphries). The fix out — Les says "It looks like rain." Dad says "It sure does. I wouldn't mind a drink." Calls of "Come on!" and "Waking Matilda" come through the smoke. Ross Sutherland staggers out of smoking bush with an oily full of Milken New doing over her back — obscenities all round, much quaffing of grog. They all pan out. A swagman crops up (Rolf Harris) and kidnaps the drunken Matilda, shoving her in his sackbag with glee. "You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me." And so they set off down the Birdsville Track towards the Trocadero — suddenly Ned Kelly (Sid Nelson) rides out and beats swaggo to death with a threat of manocette and carries Matilda off. Out to Bib and Bob (Robert Helpmann and Patrick White)

and teach the news of Matilda kidnapping (all are surprised). "I thought she was powdering her nose." Meanwhile, Matilda held prisoner at a blackie's camp in the shade of Agnes Rock (Blacks played by Charles Perkins, Kath Walker and Hal Lashwood).

Cut to Beach Beach. It is three years



later. Les Trunch is a lieutenant. Beedi Liliween are marching past for the spectacle (The Duke of Edinburgh played by Lord De L'Isle). HORROR! Les breaks sticks with a cry of STRENGTH and plunges into the thicket, doing sad. With his bare hands he kills a huge shark (Knopfleischer).

drag Tuggy Touchwood (played by Martin West) down its jaws and brings her into the beach, the crowd roar: "Hooray for Les, he's a hero's son." He is laughed on the spot. Tuggy Touchwood (now played by Patsi O'Hara for close-ups) grins. Sir Les three wishes . . .

He wishes silently and to himself. At that moment he was the Opera House Lottery, a premier hidden appeal on the beach and suddenly a huge Woomera shaped bank of Ayers Rock (and is the son part of Ben Buckley. (The late Sir Robert Menzies). Once more Les plunges into the mud clinging towards the Rock, plowing through the seaweeds. (Archbishop Gough). He takes a belt out from round neck, hand over hand they drag it in. Les and Marilda married once more.

Out to Wayside Chapel, Kings Cross. Les is Matilda a lovely bride — radiant — on their way to the Puddington R.S.L. is Little grace Premier Holder. They are seated just opposite the Ruff-cutting Bowl by the relatives of the late Viscount Ruff Lyrrhand (relatives played by Bill Robin, etc.) Three weeks of better fighting.

The feud is ended by the intervention of 7,000 U.S. troops led by L.J.B. (Sir Robert Menzies) backed by a battalion of Australian troops drawn from the Metropolitan Leagues Club, the Balmain R.S.L., The National Trust and the Elizabethan Trust. Peace is restored. The Bride is handed aboard the Puddington.



sky and sent G.O.D. to Herd Island.

Out to Puddington Town Hall, where the assembled cast, as with one voice, join together to sing "Advance Australia Fair" and a Queensland Blue Girdle dog (Dolly Dyer) recites "My Country".

During the festivities Sir Leslie and Lady Trunch slip away to Serfers for their long delayed honeymoon.

Out to Rockingham swallowing snake (consummation of the marriage).

Rings dissolve to billboard — wattle lifting. Poets from the words "And they lived happily ever after."

THE END



Elizabeth Shepherd talks to OZ



In December last year the Sydney pre-Christmas rush was enlivened by the revelations that the Speaker in the N.S.W. Legislative Assembly, Mr. Roy Maher, was to be charged with indecent exposure. Later, at a magistrate's hearing, Mr. Maher was committed to trial and he is due to come before the Court at the end of this month.

The central figure in these proceedings was Miss Elizabeth Shepherd, Parliamentary emmanuel (alias typist), who alleged that her job at Parliament House terminated after she refused to accede to certain "indecent suggestions" made to her by the former Speaker.

In this interview Miss Shepherd gives her impressions of Parliament House employment. Just for the record and those readers who don't believe anything they read in OZ: this is the Miss Shepherd and a real interview.

How long were you working at Parliament House?

Four months and I was sorry to have to go. The girls don't start work there until 10 and they finish up at 4.30 or 4.45. The pay is £24 a week to start with. There's no special award or rules and they even have their own special title written in the Public Service Association.

Whatever else I might think of them, politicians are pretty good employers. When my father died last year, he left all on the family and died on the following Tuesday I asked for the Wednesday off for his funeral and they told me I could take the rest of the week off.

The girls have a pension of £21 and their own private super-super. They're not paid overtime but the sick leave is very good. A full hour off for morning and afternoon tea, one hour for lunch, your own individual office with an electric fan, your own radiator, locker, carpet and choice of electric light or fluorescent. They were in the process of changing my name over to Shepherd when I found I kept that's what

I took a stroll in Sydney (latterly) To check a chick called Lady Chatterley.

But to my extreme disgust I witnessed rights of utter lust Like a flock of rosy black birds All uttering out four-letter words. I must admit I cannot be very sanguine About the morals of the angry bourgeoisie.

—DAVID ERSKINE

the girl who took my place then.

Each girl has four members whom she works for. I worked mostly for Mr. Mundy and Mr. Dalton plus others when some of the girls were on holiday. Each party meeting is allowed on basis a dinner per day. Mr. Dalton had a standard 12 o'clock appointment but Mr. Mundy would ring through about three minutes before he wanted an appointment.

The major part of the work is accepting or not accepting invitations. You get pretty used to the pattern. If a Liberal member had received an invitation from the Housing Minister he usually refused, but if Mr. Adams sent one he accepted. And over years I noticed that the Liberal members did not go to as many invitations concerning Aborigines but Mr. Dalton was very strong on Aborigines and would really go out on his way to his report.

Of course, there was a lot of class consciousness. The Hon. Jack Fergus of Victorian had more chance of having his invitation accepted than the President of the local P. & C. This applied as much to the Labour members—in fact, more, so because it was such a new thing for them.

The amount of paid members got worse considerably. Some got lots of paid and some not lucky if they got a letter a day. It depends very much on the size of the dinner etc. Baskin was a big electronic with bad manners and much red so one-there's a lot of stuff. It often depends a lot on the amount.

To me of this kind of mail there is a weak reply.

Dear Madam,

Your letter has been forwarded on to the Minister concerned and I will advise you on receipt of the Minister's reply.

When the Minister's reply comes through,

OZ, MAY 7

THE TRIAL OF LADY CHATTER LEY'S L OVER



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you usually favored it with a complimentary note from the member.

These people who make absolute pots of themselves never get a trade letter. A lot of the letters have to be sent on to the Minister for Education. Particularly at the beginning of the year when the kids are being allocated to the different schools and the parents have different ideas to the Department ones, when they should be sent. What impression do you get of the public sentiment at people?

They're very unimpressed one day they're not talking to someone and the next day they're so very friendly again. Most of them are incredibly childish and you find it hard to deal with a really subtle offender. They get a great kick out of writing their names in print and are always terribly busy waiting on copies of their speeches to the main press and the local press.

Most of them are trying to prove something. A lot of them come from very bad backgrounds—certainly 99% of the Labor members do. Much some of them you do not know only to type their correspondence. You can see it. You could give them a letter with bad grammar and bad spelling and they would say, "Oh, beautiful," and sign it without thinking.

Some politicians take parliament as a joke and some are in it for what they can get out of it. For example, every month each member receives two sheets of postage stamps. If they aren't used at the end of the month they would go down to the G.P.O. to cash them.

They get their liquor in one pot at the parliamentary bar—other people get three shillings or something like that. I think the bar is open as long as parliament is sitting. When the bell rings for a question or a vote, a single leader in the bar. You see men swarming out of their rooms but the largest group comes from the bar.

Although some of these three rooms, they're all beautifully furnished and could be let out at £5 a week each. Most of them have a drive in their rooms and could actually live on the premises. But only the Government can proper suit.

There's a beautiful music room, billiard room and a fast taxi restaurant with extremely cheap prices—5/6, I think, for a three-course meal. There are changing rooms and showers of course. It's just like a club.

Even the gates—if they want a packet of cigarettes—putting up and a smoked ham at 4p on a tin. They also bring liquor but the members are not allowed to buy and are forced to use the canteen in general.

All the Minister takes parliamentary care on course—beautiful food, clothes.

Fascist enough all the Labor members belong to a Union—the A.W.U. or Australian Workers Union or one of them. It's just something they believe in.

How about the speech-writing?

They write their own speeches and press statements mainly. But the girls actually have to knock these men down. Particularly the girls are women who they actually put their name in every time in every line. The main important speeches are written by the newspaper editors and others present in the Party headquarters. There's an much contact between the parliamentary staff and the Party House. However, you usually have to help with the speeches. Often you have to do everything for them but have their notes.

Is there any rehearsal?

Well, it is to check, very of the girls go every Party meeting in parliament. But there are no rehearsal pattering things around so much to keep the audience happy that they don't realize they have read something they shouldn't have. You really have to open

and them a lot and it's a difficult job trying to be helpful to members of two opposing Parties.

Is there much conversation between the two Parties?

No not really. There is quite a lot of talking between people's backs. There are personal friends even within a Party. There are cliques—you find the Minister and the combined working together.

How do the press get their stories?

They have some kind of press but nobody knows how they get their news. When I made out my newspaper declaration I gave a copy to John, Brennan and the Canberra correspondent of Pulse. A week later the Mirror had it printed in their paper.

All of them have a skeleton in their cupboard. Although they might know who made the leak they would be afraid to put their finger on him for fear of retaliation.

What about confidential members?

Well, Mr. Dalson and Mr. Waddy were my permanent members and they both worked for Dalson. Dalson chose to go to school until he was 45 and he couldn't give a damn for anyone. I would go to him to say he was the only honest member in parliament and one of the men outside.

Mr. Dalson was also very conscientious. He would go through the death notices every morning and read out sympathy letters to his friends. He was once in line for the leadership and had been working up the little list of votes for three years.

Waddy had a bad name among the girls because he was so demanding and they wanted him to go out on the same day. He was a Group-Captain and had some come down out of the clouds. The Liberal Party asked him to write a little article in the newspaper on some occasion, concentrate he replied that he was sorry he was too busy but could give them a story on his flying experiences.

Mr. Waddy was terrible popular because he had an unshakable attitude. He is so busy looking after his own interests that he can't find time to join in with the others. Any funny stories?

You get a lot of men coming up the stairs wouldn't speak to anyone except Mr. Waddy because he had such a fast hair. A chap who had been locked up in an asylum for 22 years claimed that Mr. Waddy was picking on him.

That woman kept up writing Mr. Waddy a letter. I understood what it was the worst. So I asked, "What?" "She told you know, the illegitimate."

While I was there they started building some elaborate literary extensions. There was a terrific delay in getting them done, with the secretary in the middle. When they were finally completed everyone was so terribly proud that I asked if they were for visiting members only. They weren't at all.

The last time I met Mr. Waddy I suggested that, as the Speaker, he should have a big bookcase in his room. But he has something wrong with his nose and it's a bit hard to hear him. Most of a crooked nose is spoken.

He is very high in the Catholic Church, his sister is a Mother Superior and he is a brother of the Order of St. Basil. Waddy is a Catholic too and my daughter is at the same convent school. I want to be a girl. I regret about what you have done.

I really, a bit about my daughter. You once asked me what illegitimate was. I never did. I told her she was always asking silly questions at the wrong time. No doubt she will ask me about the case and I will have to answer her. But if you believe you have done the right thing, a shame a lot to stop you going ahead and making it to its conclusion.

SOFT CORE PORNOGRAPHY



Sex is more than a four-letter word. Pornography is more than a Playboy pin-up or a postcard from Port Said. While the prudes have been decoyed by hard-core filth (in some cases disguised as literature), sex has crept in through the front door. Nowadays, obscenity is your mother's fashion magazine. Perversion is an advertisement in tonight's paper.



ALAMAC

Phallic symbolism in the American "Glamour"

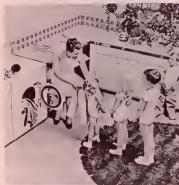
Does she...or doesn't She?



Narcissism plus a phallic pussy in the "English" "Vanity Fair"



More phallic symbols in the English



It is easy to find BLASTED GLOVES BEHIND walls as much as the joy of what is not being



Pedophilia in "McCall's"



Homosexuality in the "Herald" Masturbation in E

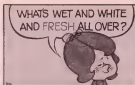




Symbolism in
"Vogue"



English "Vogue"



What a Hammond Organ
will teach your child
besides music



Imagery says you will have to decide
whether or not your boy is gay
will play a musical instrument. It's a
decision that a man is more to make
on inside which may you decide
Naturally you're already given the
subject of music is a great deal of character

Lesbianism in
the
American "Glamour"



Nymphet-mania in
American "Vogue"



A woman's most important accessory - her secrets
and her hidden and their mothers of gentleness
have a story. The hidden story of her secrets

Lord West
WILLIAM WEST

Act! winter sheep are dreamy!



Bestiality in "Woman's Day"

BEWARE! The Alf's are Revolting!



We're the "with it" generation. Do something outrageously non-conforming and you'll soon set a trend. All the squares have turned hip. The Alf's have closed the gap. Look at them all packing into Harry Miller's Folk Concerts, dressing at Disposal Stores, grinning at Strine, giggling at Bramston.

The STANDARD Vanguard



Hell, just last week some affluent snobs held a fancy dress "send-up" Anzac Day party at Paddington. It was announced in the social pages. Everyone was there from drug-queen war-widows to Simpson's donkey.

Even Charles Lloyd Jones has a dog called OZ. Soon this whole generation will overtake Salvador Dali.

So now the only way to preserve your individuality — to be one step ahead — is to be one step behind.

Maybe if you do something blatantly OLD HAT you'll scare the squares away.



WHAT TO WEAR

Come on, out with those old galoshes and plastic raincoats. How about a pair of pleated, cuffed, bottle-green Staminol? Convert your suit to a double breaster, top it all off with a big dab of Brylcreem.

WHERE TO GO

Go back to Fellowship, the gymnasium, the Tivoli, the Glaciarium. Have your Honeymoon at the Hydro Majestic, Jemolan Caves or Katoomba. If



you're International, go to Niagara. Have your 21st at the Metropole, make a debut, go to a 50/50 dance.

WHAT TO DO



Marry a virgin, enlist, idolise Martin Royal. Bend the elbow with Clive Churchill, Vic Patrick or Lew Hood. Bash a Bible, play Ludo or Solitaire, listen to the Amateur Hour, join the Young Liberals. Cultivate plastic flowers, square dance, put your pennies back into circulation and if you're a mum use old fashioned bar soaps. Take the bull by the horns and bring back clichés. Use French Letters. Be photographed in the Mirror 'Under 25'.

Collect Tommy Dorsey and Victor Silvester records, play them on a wind-up H.M.V. 78 portable. Read Earle Stanley Gardiner, Mandrake and Phantom. Eat Laminations, take De Witts root liver pills and put a jerry under your bed. Grow sweet peas, dance the Fox Trot, send a bundle to Britain, take a slow boat to China.

As a last resort, have a baby, become a St. John Ambulance man or die of Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Whooping Cough or Consumption.

EX-EDITOR ATTACKS PRESS — DIRECTOR REPLIES

(With kind permission of
"Newspaper News".)

Cigarette manufacturers had pressured newspaper proprietors not to publish material about lung cancer, Mr. Maxwell Newton, former managing editor of "The Australian" told a Canberra audience recently.

Speaking at St. Mark's Memorial Library on censorship and propaganda in the newspaper business, Mr. Newton made some hard-hitting points about newspapers generally which brought a reply in "The Australian" by Mr. Douglas Brame, a director of News Ltd.

Mr. Newton asked the question "Do all writers curtail content over editorial pressure?" and answered it by saying:

"Well, I've had experience of cigarette manufacturers trying to get newspaper proprietors and editors to publish material about lung cancer at all to play up the fact that the British have stopped the TV ads until after 7.30 p.m. and it has been done."

"But cigarette advertising is the exception. There are very few advertisers who have got the individual power to bias the managers that cigarette manufacturers and liquor manufacturers have, so the thought of a big manufacturer leaning on the management of a big metropolitan paper in Australia is more the exception rather than the rule, although it applies a lot in the country, unfortunately."

Setting his address, Mr. Newton said that newspaper proprietors like him had to cut what was out of paper they wanted to put out.

Most of the newspaper proprietors and managers had decided that what they were concerned in putting out was an efficient medium for advertising.

"Accordingly," he said, "the sort of prices which are paid for are more or less shopping guides with some items of news put around the advertisements."

"The Melbourne Herald is a shopping guide per se and the Melbourne's Sun News-Pictorial sells well on days, news and facts. The Sydney morning papers are similar shopping guides."

"As advertising is the main thing in these papers, the principal preoccupation of the people in charge of these papers is to keep

their readers happy and not rock the boat. They succeed magnificently in doing this."

"Newspapers are run by businessmen and they must be expected to reflect the ethics and standards of the Australian business community. That is what, by and large, they do."

People forget that editors have very little to do with producing most newspapers in Australia, although there are a few notable exceptions that one can think of.

"The Canberra Times is one, to name another 'The Australian', and to some extent 'The Australian Financial Review'. On most of the other papers the editor's character hardly has any effect on what the paper is like."

"Newspapers reflect the standards of the business community. Accordingly, anything which would hinder making money has a rough time in Australian newspapers, and anything which detracts the sale of the Australian business community does not get into the papers."

Mr. Newton (former editor of "The Australian Financial Review") gave an example of how managerial control affected the newspapers controlled by "The Sydney Morning Herald" group.

"The general manager and the managing director in that company have control over the editorial policy of the newspapers in that group."

"These managers don't go around giving orders to individual journalists or individual editors. The way it works in 'The Sydney Morning Herald' group is that the editor of 'The Sydney Morning Herald' publishes editorials which are then read by all the employees of the company. They debate how to handle the editorial policy of their own publications and the editor knows how to handle the news."

"For example, during the brief period when 'The Sydney Morning Herald' was supporting the Labor Party in 1961, the news editor of 'The Sydney Morning Herald' knew that he would have great freedom in putting up statements by Arthur Calwell, whereas if he tried to exercise that freedom in the same way today he would get into trouble."

"He wouldn't be handed up and told that he had disobeyed editorial policy."

"He would be told that he had no news judgement — that he was a lazy journalist."

"Most editors subscribe to the view that it is the boss's paper and he is entitled to what he wants with it."

"This is the prevailing rationalisation by weak and cowardly newspaper editors in

Australia, and by and large it is the dominant rationalisation."

"Unless editors are prepared to take large individual risks, there is no chance for the journalists working for them being given the chance to share their point."

Mr. Newton's remarks were answered on the April 2 issue of "The Australian" by Mr. Douglas Brame, a director of the parent company of "The Australian", News Ltd.

"Mr. Newton claims the Melbourne Herald and the Melbourne Star as examples of newspapers which are run by businessmen desirous only of producing an efficient medium for advertising."

The Herald has been run these last 20 years by not by businessmen, but by journalists, professional men who have been devoted to the service ideal of running out a newspaper of which the community could be proud.

The creator of the Herald is its present boss, Mr. Keith Murdoch, who believed in newspapers as passionately that right to the end of an action-packed career which brought him great rewards and distinctions he greatest pride was in describing himself as a journalist. He was followed by one of his own editors, Sir John Williams, who lives newspapers just as passionately and who has recently shown himself to be more of a patriot than a businessman by investing £200,000 of his company's funds in the First of November New Guinea.

"In the second place, the Herald and its subsidiaries must acknowledge by its own past record to have achieved their success largely by building a distinguished staff of writers and technicians and by extending their news services around the globe with a team successfully directed by men. They have, so short, back themselves on service to the public."

"We needn't exclude 'The Sydney Morning Herald', also criticised by Mr. Newton for its deservings by management, from this rough definition. The man who ran it for so long, Mr. K. A. G. Macdonald, was a journalist so is the present managing director, Mr. Angus Macdonald and Graham offer in London, for example, is probably the biggest international bureau in the world."

"There are many things in the Herald that one could criticize legitimately, but that their editorial staff would squander of policy. But in most such attack on their creative advertising process, and to ignore their news strength and editorial principles of staff advancement, is not very possible in today's competitive world."

Shove off scurvy and rickets...



3 Jersey Road, Woolshera
Opp. Padda Police Station
Phone 32 4215 for
reservations & grog orders.



I PROTEST

BLOODY pathetic COMMEN-
Day.. a real washout..

-I protested against
the COMMOS, and my
bird PROTESTED
against the YANK'S..

and that got so
DRAGGY we both
PROTESTED against
PROTESTS... but

STILL NO bloody action!

Those BLOODY John's
reelley GIVE me
THE GRAPS y'know

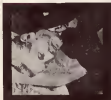
they only arrested
3 students WOT
ARE THEY TRYING TO
DO - DESTROY COMMEN?
next year I'll protest against
POLICE APATHY. -JAY.

He declined to say what he considered his main contribution to Australian life.

"You will read that in my obituary," he said.

The Sydney Morning Herald,

OBITUARY



William Sidney, first Viscount De L'Isle, V.C., in the afternoon of Thursday, 6th May, at Fuchsia Avenue, A.C.T., of some capture of the moment. His daughter serves.

It was barely three and a half years ago that Australia was first given a chance to know and love Lord De L'Isle. It may be thought that this was too short a time to learn to love such a man and indeed that is proved to be true. But as it is Governor-General's function to be liked and respected by those he formally ruled, apparently Lord De L'Isle thought not—the new but role as being more than of a role-player.

However, when making the trouble spots of Australia such as the Gulf River problem, Papua-New Guinea and Canberra. His presence lowered the temperature of debate several degrees. In fact, he was easily received almost everywhere.

But his links with politics may be described in close Lord De L'Isle has always been associated with the most democratic parliamentary assembly in the world. I refer, of course, to the English House of Lords. Members of this house are selected by pure hereditary chance and there are no right barriers such as wealth or ability.

Since 1840 the members of the English assembly have in numerous instances have greatly diminished. Lord De L'Isle was always content to dissociate himself from this class—by his words. His attitude was



for themselves. He entered the rarified world of English commerce in 1900 as Managing Director of Schweppes (Home) Ltd and later assumed many more onerous circumstances. It was a bitter blow to English enterprise when he relinquished all his interests to come to Australia in 1961. Many observers have speculated on his reasons for abandoning such a distinguished career and on the effort his domestic had on the companies whose fortunes he appeared to direct.

Although this illustrious Governor-General described himself as a 'constitutional symbol', there are other views. Some have been noted by those men whose company he enjoyed by his frankly challenging pronouncements in Australia's internal affairs and also in Asia. Regrettably, many of these comments have remained unrecorded and unreported.

It is difficult to know what was his main contribution to Australia. He certainly set his New Year messages spoken at an evening, after an on the podium, clear over his relaxing of the bonds between Commonwealth countries. His arrival was not quite "progress with vigour" (as his answer, past Philip Sidney (1554-1586) might have written) and it is not easy to pick out a single major contribution to his term of office. Perhaps it was his departure.

-D.L.



SENSUAL ☆ EMOTIONAL ☆ A
SUNBURST OF UNBRAIDED PASSIONS

STARRING STRAIGHT FROM HIS
TRIUMPH IN "THE YOU
JOHN OLSEN
WFO

GLORIOUS TAPESTRY
WOMEN ON LOCATION IN SUNNY PORTS

ON the Same Screen
Le Solait & La
We are but
Am

NOW SHOWING
THE CLYNE GALLERIES
59 Macleay St. KINGS CROSS. 35 2212
to the Eye
to Salute to
the Pilgrims Progress
SEASONS

NOT SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN
to the Eye
to Salute to
the Pilgrims Progress

Coming Soon to this Gallery
STEPHEN WALKER
SCULPTURE

BALLS AT FALLS



KO-KI ALPINE LODGE

1114 George Street, Sydney, Tel. 27-5182/Pahs Creek, Victoria
Tel. 37

To sit at Ko-Ki and the Yie, as he snatched off his ski
goggles, as a gar

T-bars, chair lift, Austrian Ski School — downhill type
dopes — all weather roads — parking at Village

Rusticisms of the natives as they battle over Com-
pound Fourteen Lodge heading for Red Light Cornice

— hidden local store on the Ski House Trail. Explod-
ing pink stretch pants as the Snow Bards go for a Burton

down Run-In Raceway — then light up a leather
tipped Malom at Harold's Coffee House

Falls (optional) Creek via Albany — per Plane. Train or
Steam Car (loaded with green) Evening drinks (sing-
ing), Friendly Ponds and Coffee Cynque Club.

Honeycombs £28 per week / per person / turn singles
/ respectively

Peasantry £24 (all in together) for vitamins, bed & and
The Mountain also boasts powder snow, blinding snow

storms, coloured snow and a variety of slopes to leave
pouches or unwanted friends

From Mt. Kosciuszko falls — temp. steady at 22 degrees
— locally brewed Gloume to combat frostbite and

emotional jetlag

Are you in a little rut — we'll fix that — become more
broad and be glad to come out alive We love the Alps

— "our God Alpha those who skip themselves from a fall
(oops — fall) — ski at Ko-Ki be miserable and slip,

that's "O" for you.

SKI FOR RELIEF

PERSONAL BOOKINGS—SYDNEY 277582

Tardel
Boundaries
Something

SERVES YOU
BY MAIL ORDER
FROM NEW
ADDRESS

WAIKIKI
P.O. Box 100
HONOLULU
HAWAII
96815, USA
International Catalogue
81-013 for 1st Mail

THE POSTER SHOULD HAVE IN THEIR PAD

I saw it and I wanted it. It's really not an O.S. This poster was actually printed in 4 columns and displayed throughout every camp in Australia during World War II. When I made this one in 1967, it was "proving" the wall of segregation at Old Heidelberg Camp. Even then there

were copies of it still decorating the bar racks walls of camps throughout N.S.W. for its clarity of message and downright realism. I don't think it has ever been surpassed. The meaning of the "4th column" comment at the time completely eluded me — there is no way to justify its challenge.

One can only imagine what went on in the meetings of those bureaucrats as they decided that it should be used. Perhaps it won a long-distance poster competition. Who knows?

A. HANKIN
Bosch

THE AWFUL END OF OSCAR, THE ORDERLY



WHAT ABOUT THIS 5th. COLUMN?

Who reads OZ?

25,000 people will buy this issue.
Many more will read it.

Who are you?

What are you?

We're planning to boost the size of OZ. But we'll need more advertising, and advertisers are snooty. They want to know what sort of people are going to read their ads.

Answer these questions, and you'll help us bring you a fatter, prettier OZ.

Where do you live?

Sex

Age

Occupation

The number of people who read

your OZ

You don't have to mutilate your OZ, just send us the information in a letter addressed to

Bob Bruce,

OZ,

16 Hunter Street, Sydney.

P.S. — Let us know what you thought were the best and worst articles in this OZ.

Clothes to make you weep



What could be more painful than the sight of a double-breasted suit that looks like a better suit, wears like kilts and feels like steel wool? It's worse than losing an English Governor-General or even an election!

At any rate, that's what Ken Morrison thinks. He's first past the post with liberal prices and informal styling in suits that really swing all the way from Right to Left.

And following Toggery's policy of 'a choice, not an order', he now has a range of (pre-selected) suits at only ... or about twice as many dollars. Go to D.J.'s, Walton's and Palmer's for all the latest at the same price. If you like, had the electronic is just distributing itself over this gear — Toggery gear.

So stop being hampered with every square, make it to Toggery. Bring Bob.

KEN MORRISON'S

Village Toggery

336 new south head road, double bay — 36-4418

Travel wise pound foolish

Every year, at about this time, there is the Kodaks. Dozens of fresh faced, gaudy, happy happy happy Australians fill their pockets with money and gum leaves, pick up the old stuffed birds to swap for a stuffed eucaly of Port Said, and cheer and, ready for the joys of an English spring. Then they arrive at Southampton, and need help. Here it is.

Do not arrive in bare feet. The Australian image in England is certainly shapely, slender, young, young, young, and old samples are okay, but for some reason the thin red line is drawn at the ankle. Apart from anything else, bare feet tend to freeze off, and are hard to carry around wrapped. The same applies to other parts of the anatomy.

Do not go to Australia House. No matter how imposing it looks from the outside, remember your dealings with Australian Government departments at home. It's like that early worst. Australia House is there to help. Englebert, in Australia, and it is hard to prevent yourself uttering sounds and bitter chuckles as you read what they are promised. The good thing about Australia House is that it's a free place to get water — hot, then, so is the National Gallery.

Do not attempt to imitate the English. It's so much harder than it looks, unless you're stumpy back around the nose and mouth. The words "kyah" and "hey" are all you really need, but they are very difficult. Easier in the Australian sense, be aggressive, and tell prospective employers to get stuffed "Ah, these Australians," they will exclaim, and invite you out to lunch. Accept, and meet on the spot. That is not the best and the country, and you may get the job. Those are Australians in London whose entire income can be traced to the way they told their first boss to piss off.

Talk about Australia. In particular, approach it with enormous to your superiors. (After a few months in London, this becomes all too easy.) Dwell on how much you love it, how easy it is for the right man to get ahead, and how easy the women are. Your superiors will sigh, and give you more money. In extreme cases they will even leave, and you can take over. Such actions who talk you to get stuffed. It's time to improve your image.

Do not live in Earth Court for "Kangaroo Valley," as it is affectionately known to the English. This gives you both status and indispensability among your English acquaintances (you haven't any friends) and also saves you money. If you must live in Earth Court, refer to it as West Kensington.

If you must refer to it as Earth Court, smile when you say it.

Do not pay your bills. It's one of those things a gentleman doesn't do, and, although you're not a gentleman, there's no reason not to let your billfellow in a splendid occasion, allowing understanding of the accounts for little (padded) no) more. When they get frantic (about once a year) explain that you are Australian, and they will write you off as a bad debt.

Use an English bank. English banks suit or the address they receive from overdrafts, and are perfectly willing to give you a second overdraft so you can pay off the interest on the first one. When they pick up, go to another bank and open another account.

Take advantage of the Welfare State by being sick a lot. All foreigners in London are always sick, and are given free medical certificates in the shape of two shillings. Go to hospital, get a lot of false sick. Go on the sick, whether working or not. Take two jobs, and be sick half the time from each of them. Never pay income tax.

Remember you can't leave. The immigration track to longer applies, and if you about twice as much to get back. On an English wage, Paris is at least as far as Hawaii Island. Write letters to the "Sydney Morning Herald" explaining what marvelous opportunities you're getting, and what a pity it was that Australia didn't recognize what a huge thing they had in you. They might even pay you to come back. Take the money and don't.

Don't get home sick. Or if you do, take a trip to Earth Court. Or Cornwall, where they go to crack the boomers. Or to Australia House. Or the Surrey, a pub which sells Australian beer to Australians and does very nicely, thank you. Or to the Downs Under Club, of a Friday night. Or take a look at the new arrivals getting off the boat train. If you lack them, don't voice an idea just.



SYDNEY: The Rev. Bernard Judd, well-known authority on teenage morality, has told his congregation that the principal cause of teenage moral decay is fathers being out to work.

"Society shows beyond any shadow of doubt," he said, "that the great majority of teenage crime is committed by youths whose fathers go out to work."

Since then conscientious fathers all over the country have responded to his appeal and outrageously lowered tools in a dramatic bid to save their teenagers.

"The Reverend is right, and I don't care if I never work again," a father of five told reporters as he loaded for a poster machine to become vacant at the South Sydney League Club.

—Candice Harkin.

FROM A PERSIAN MARKET
Travelling in Persia,
In the tracks of Marco Polo,
Every solo overlander,
Carries sacks of Coca-Cola;
With a skin as dry as leather,
In the bright broom-monkey weather,
If you can't find an oasis,
You'll be living out of cans.

No wonder Alexander,
Went on back to the Aegean—
There's a neon every epoch,
And a tresser every ocean
And lots of cheap petrolatum,
And carpets like linoleum,
And seven hours of sunshine,
And a million years of sand.

Though it's cheap enough on paper,
Just make sure you've got your booking,
Or you'll spend a bloody fortune,
In avoiding Persian cooking.
Keep enough for bare essentials,
Like policemen and officials,
Who will make you buy your freedom,
When you want to leave Iran.

—M M

BOB CORROBORRE
We like him with his clothes off
And when on his dial,
Pretentious is bloody hell,
A real ball of style . . .
It doesn't hurt them to admit
That he exists, you see,
Because we've got him nicely labelled
As "Bob Corroboree".

Yes, Bob Corroboree's a man
If ever you're outback,
Just the thing in Kodachrome .
A Technicolor block
Who knows his proper place is
On a travel-agency ad,
To get their city people
Booked town like mad.

You can have your concert nights,
Your Betty Fubers, too
—Ray Saunders and Deng Nichols
May be all right with you,
But those who know will tell you
The show's rightful place
Is just a half-a-mile or so
Outside the human race.

—BRUCE DAWE

Help me retire to Costa Brava by 1966 . . .



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Telephone 32 4815

"Two can eat for the price of one"



binkie's drive-in restaurant
210 elizabeth st., opp. the tivoli
open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week